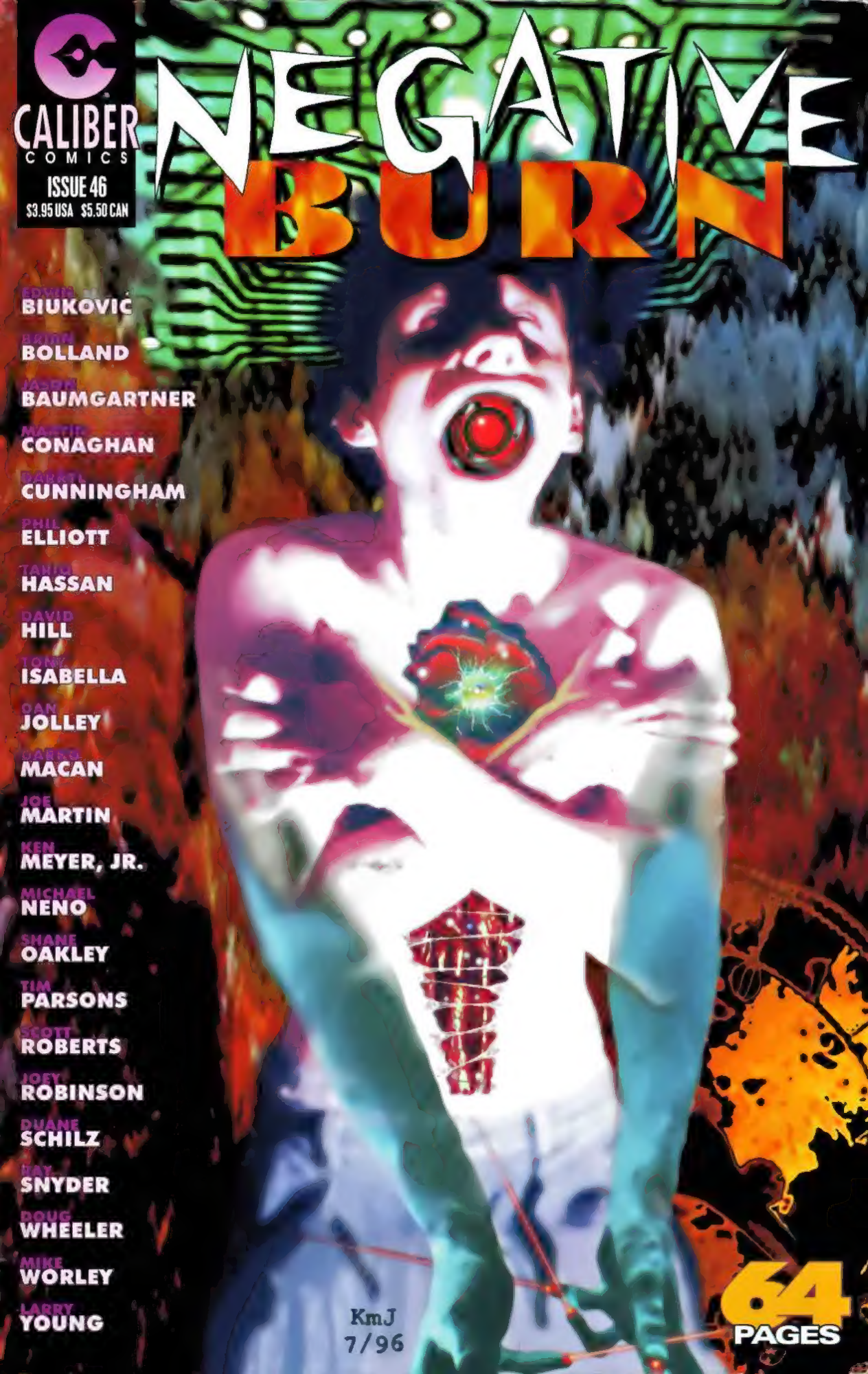
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JULY 10TH, 1943. EARLY MORN. STRONG MISTRAL. THE SOUTH COAST OF SICILY'S IN FRONT OF US.
A BULLET FOR ME
STORY: DARKO MACAN
ART: EDVIN BIUKOVIĆ
WE ARE IN ONE OF THE FRONT BOATS. DYLAN'S WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO ORDER THE CHARGE. MILT WHISTLES UNDER HIS BREATH AND DOES IT BADLY.
DOWN, YOU FOOL!

WHAT POSSESSED YOU? WANNA END LIKE THIS?
MILTON!!
I CAN'T WATCH THIS!
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF YOU DO!

C'MON, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?! WANT THAT SONUVABITCH TO WIN THE WAR ON HIS OWN?!
LUNCH! LINE UP!
FOR US THERE WAS NO ITALIAN COOKING EVEN IN ITALY. SPAM AGAIN.
PRIVATE ROBBINS! WHERE'S HE?!
BARDIC '90.
RUN, RUN! MAJOR'S CALLING!
HE MAY LET YOU KISS HIS ASS!
SO, OUR MILT IS HERO NOW!
ONE OF THE RARE LIVE ONES!
BEING A HERO IS THE EASIEST WAY TO MEET A BULLET WITH YOUR NAME ON IT.

A BULLET WITH YOUR NAME ON IT?
YOU BELIEVE THIS?
I BELIEVE IN THE COUNTRY, LIBERTY AND GOD... MIGHT AS WELL BELIEVE IN SOMETHING TANGIBLE!
BUT BELIEVING DOESN'T MEAN DYING TO MEET IT!
THERE'S MILT!
HEY, HERO!
WHAT'S HAPPENED? THOUGHT YOU WERE DINING WITH THE BRASS NOWADAYS?
WHAT'S IT GONNA BE? A MEDAL? A KISS FROM PATTON? THE GENERAL LOVES HEROES!
JERKS!
TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE, MILT! WHAT, ARE YOU THIS CRAZY TO MEET THE BULLET WITH YOUR NAME?
I'VE MET IT ALREADY, SARGE! I ALREADY HAVE.
HUH? YOU SHITTIN' ME?
NOPE. NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, SARGE!
REMEMBER OUR LAST NIGHT OUT BEFORE WE CAME HERE? I WAS LOOKING FOR HOOKERS BUT--
CAN I HELP YOU, YOUNG MAN?
DUNNO. I NEED SOMETHING YOUNGER AND ROUNDER!
MAYBE I HAVE SOMETHING A SOLDIER NEEDS MORE THAN THE SOFT FLESH!

WHAT'S THIS? HASH? IS THAT IT?
OH, NO!
I'M OFFERING YOU THE WAY TO RETURN HOME ALIVE!
WATCH IT, OLD MAN! IT'S NO JOKING MATTER!
IT'S NO JOKE. IT'S --
-- A BULLET WITH YOUR NAME ON IT!
A PISTOL BULLET WITH MY NAME! AND I'VE NEVER SEEN THE OLD MAN IN MY LIFE!
DOESN'T MATTER HOW I'VE GOT IT.
DO YOU WANT IT?
THIS'S THE BULLET? THE ONE I'M BOUND TO BE KILLED BY?
THAT'S THE ONE.
IF YOU KEEP IT WITH YOU, YOU'RE SAFE! DO YOU WANT IT?
DO I WANT IT! IT'S LIKE ASKING A PRIEST IF HE WANTS THE PROOF OF GOD'S EXISTENCE! I GAVE HIM ALL MY MONEY, MY WATCH, MARY-LOU'S RING, BUT --
IT MAY SOUND CRAZY WHEN READ FROM A COZY ARMCHAIR, BUT OVER THERE, AMIDST THE WHISTLING OF THE LEAD, IT WAS EASY TO BELIEVE IN THE BULLET, IN THE HOPE THAT YOU CAN SNATCH YOUR LIFE FROM THE BLIND HANDS OF FATE.
--NOW I'VE GOT IT!

PATTON APPARENTLY SET HIS AIMS AT THE NORTH POLE. WE CROSSED SICILY IN LESS THAN TWO WEEKS
MILT WAS IN ALL THE WORST SCRAPES ALONG THE WAY BUT HE GOT OUT OF THEM WITHOUT A SCRATCH
WE REACHED PALERMO ON JULY 22ND. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN EVERYTHING MADE SENSE.
SAD SACK 2

AMERICANO! CIOCCOLATA! DAHH! CIOCCOLATA!
SWEET KIDS!
GRAZIE, AMERICANO!
MY LIGHTER! THEY NICKED MY LIGHTER!
MY WATCH!
EASY, SARGE! KIDS WILL BE KIDS, EH?
BILIBOAC '90.
MILT!

THE BLUE SICILIAN NOON DIED OFF IN MILT'S EYES. DYLAN WAS SHOWING ME THE EMPTY SHELL WITH FAMILIAR LETTERS ON IT. TOMORROW WAS OUR TURN TO GO ON, NOT KNOWING WHOSE NAMES THE BULLETS FLYING TO MEET US BORE

© EDVIN ZBUKOVIĆ & DARKO HAĆAN

MR. MAMOULIAN

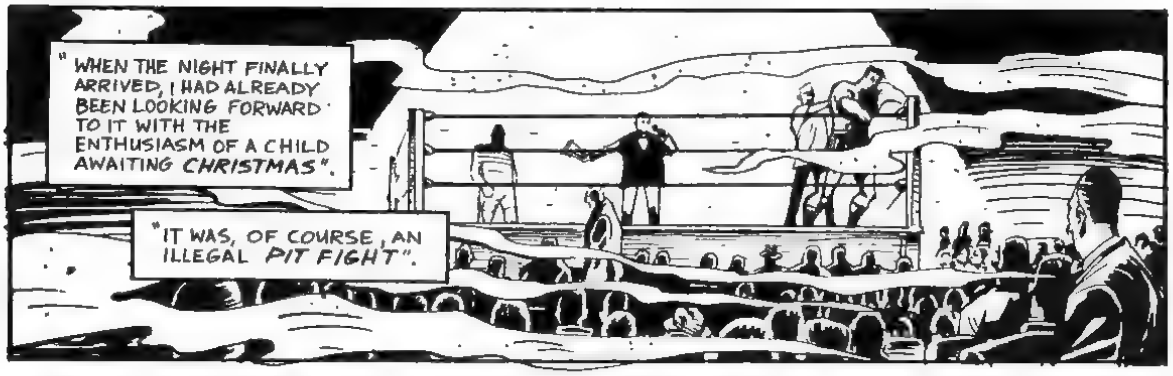
THURSDAY EVENING

© Bolland 30.9 96

EVEY! COME IN, DO. HOW NICE TO SEE YOU. WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE ABODE!
THANKS
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE. TAKE A SEAT... IF YOU CAN FIND ONE! THE PLACE IS IN A BIT OF A STATE. I'VE BEEN MOVING THINGS ABOUT LATELY SO NOTHING'S WHERE IT SHOULD BE AND, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.
CAN I GET YOU A TEA OR COFFEE? I HAVE EARL GREY IF YOU'D...
JUST A REGULAR CUP O'TEA WOULD DO FINE THANKS.
ONE REGULAR CUP O'TEA COMING UP.
WELL I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE YOU FINALLY MADE IT ROUND HERE. I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF VISITORS AS YOU CAN IMAGINE.
WHERE DID I PUT THE TEA BAGS!?
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO PLAY YOU SOME OF MY RECORDS OF EASTERN EUROPEAN FOLK MUSIC.
MILK AND SUGAR?
YES, TWO PLEASE
IF YOU'RE INTERESTED THERE'S A NEARLY COMPLETE COLLECTION OF TATTLER MAGAZINE OVER THERE, AND THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC GOING BACK TO NINETEEN THIRTY FIVE.
REALLY?
IF YOU WOULDN'T FIND IT TOO BORING I'D BE HAPPY TO SHOW YOU MY SLIDES OF BUDAPEST WHERE I WENT FOR A LONG WEEKEND LAST SUMMER.
OR, IF YOU'D PREFER, I HAVE SLIDES OF RUSSIA, FINLAND, MEXICO, MOROCCO,.. CHINA, THAILAND, BURMA... AND ALL KINDS OF OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST.
RATTLE RATTLE
NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT THANKS.
HERE'S YOUR TEA.
HUH!?

ART
MARTIN CONAGHAN – WRITER
SPECIAL THANKS TO EDDIE MILLAR
DAVE HILL – ART & LETTERING
AND IT WAS GIVEN TO ME BY PICASSO HIMSELF, BEFORE HE DIED.
IT TRULY IS A REMARKABLE PIECE, HENRY – THE MAN WAS SUCH A GENIUS –
AND YOU SAY IT WAS A GIFT?
OH YES,
– AND ONE OF THE FEW PIECES IN MY COLLECTION WHICH, IRONICALLY, I DID NOT HAVE TO PAY FOR.
THIS PIECE, HOWEVER, COST ME A PRETTY PENNY – AND I HAPPEN TO RATE IT AMONG THE BEST IN MY COLLECTION.
SO, WHAT IS IT HENRY OLD BOY?
YES HENRY, DO TELL.
WELL, BEHIND THAT DUST SHEET LIES A TALE....

"IN THE WINTER OF 1974, I WAS ATTENDING ONE OF THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS OF THE HARROGATE CLUB".
"WHEN I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM A CHAP NAMED MAXWELL MÜLLER — WHOM I HAD SPOKEN WITH ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS PREVIOUSLY AT THE CLUB — INVITING ME TO A 'SOCIAL' EVENT BEING HELD LATER THAT YEAR".
"NORMALLY, I WOULD HAVE REFUSED SUCH AN OFFER – AS I GENERALLY MAKE A RULE TO AVOID GATHERINGS OUTSIDE THE CLUB GROUNDS."
"BUT THIS OFFER WAS DIFFERENT".

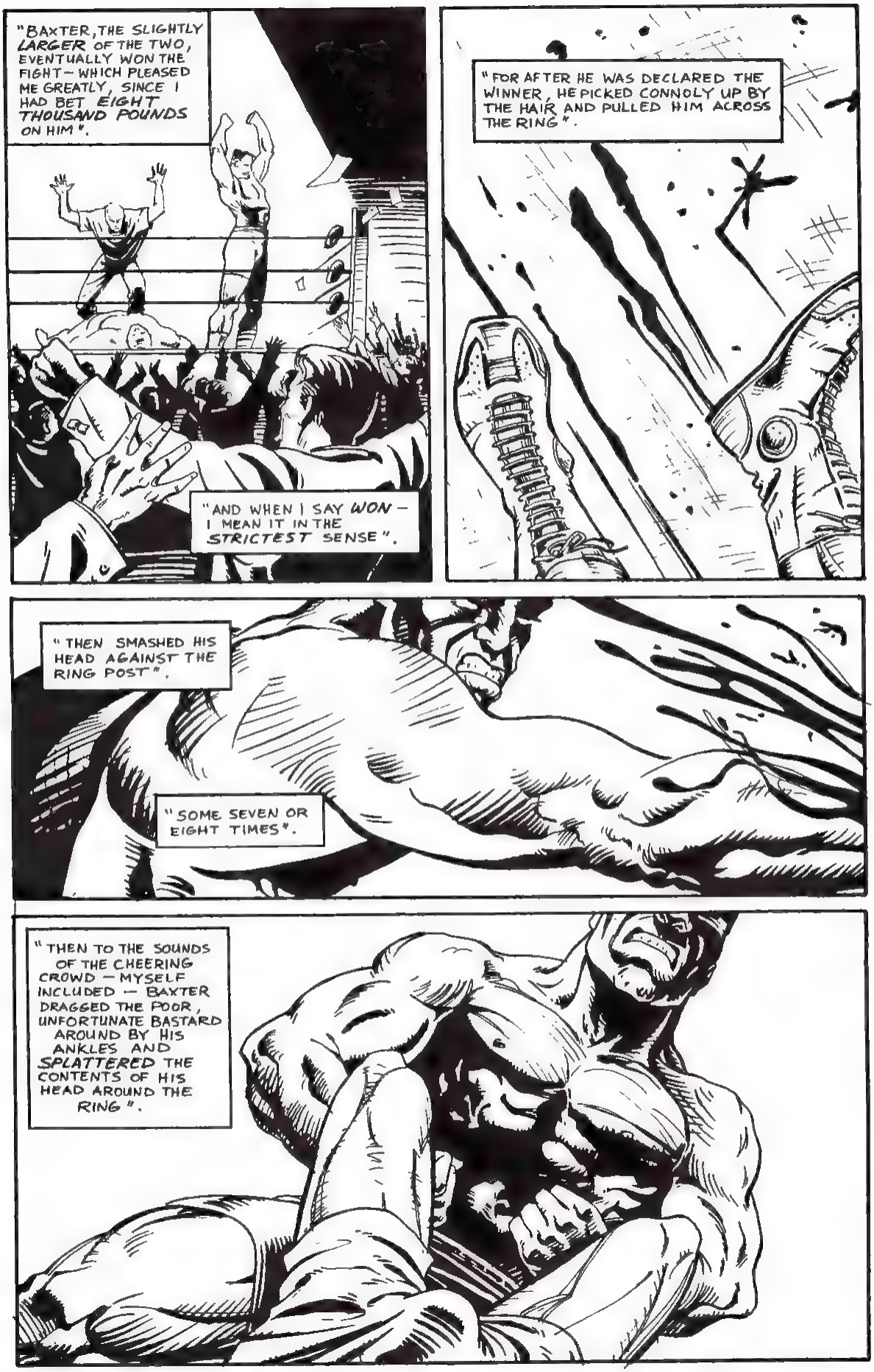

"WHEN THE NIGHT FINALLY ARRIVED, I HAD ALREADY BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO IT WITH THE ENTHUSIASM OF A CHILD AWAITING CHRISTMAS".
"IT WAS, OF COURSE, AN ILLEGAL PIT FIGHT".

"THE CONTENDERS WERE TWO GARGUANTINE MONSTERS BY THE NAMES OF CONNOLY AND BAXTER —
AND THEY WERE TWO OF THE MOST FEROCIOUS BRUTES YOU WOULD NEVER BE LIKELY TO BUMP INTO TWICE".

"I WATCHED AS THESE TWO MEN PACED AROUND THE RING, SMASHING EACH OTHER ACROSS THE FACE, SUFFERING BLOWS WHICH WOULD HAVE KILLED A LESSER MAN STONE DEAD".

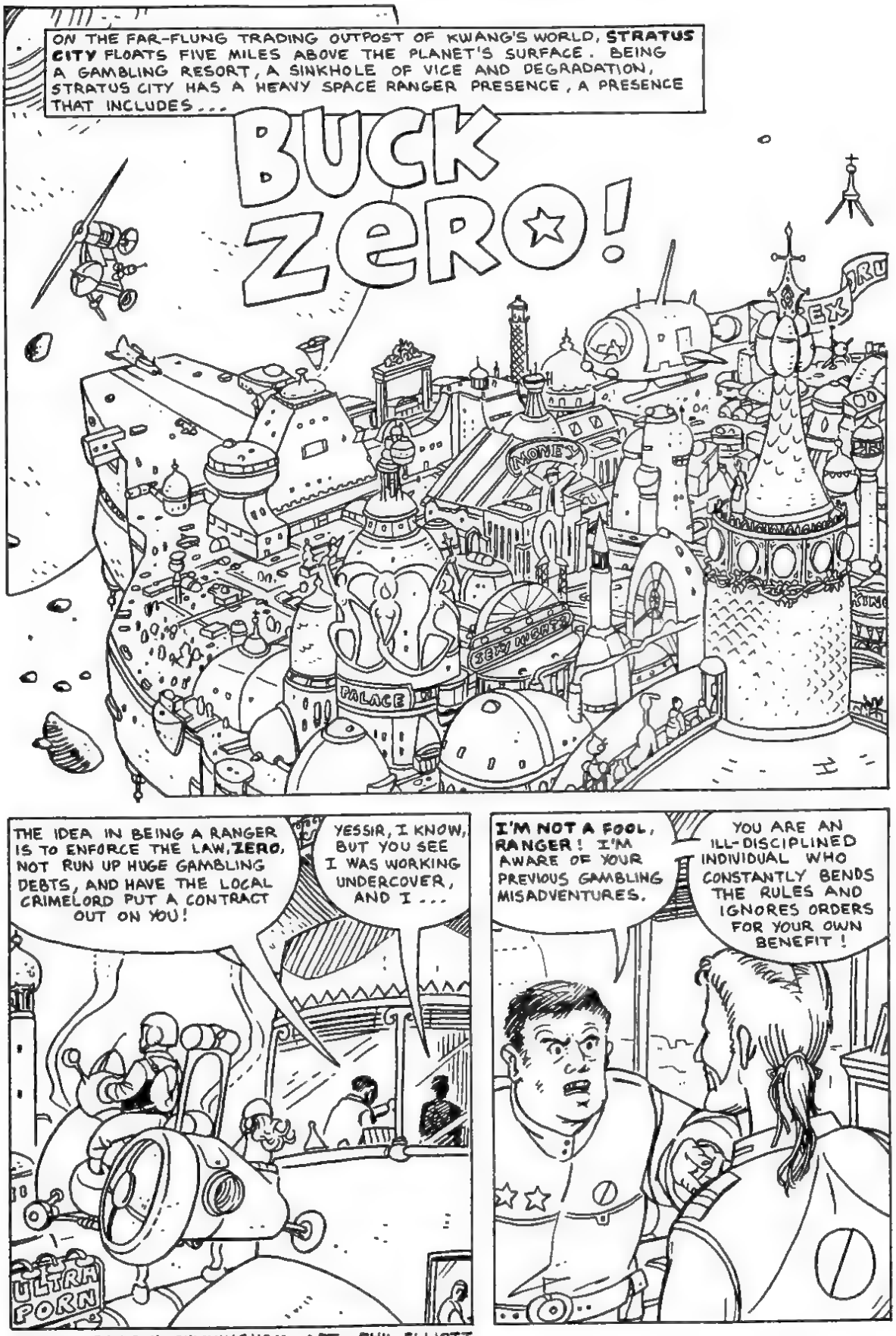
"THE CROWD AROUND ME COULD ONLY CHEER FOR MORE BLOOD — DESPERATE TO SEE ONE OF THESE MEN BEATEN TO A BLOODY PULP".

"BUT THE BEST PART OF THE NIGHT WAS YET TO COME".


"BAXTER, THE SLIGHTLY LARGER OF THE TWO, EVENTUALLY WON THE FIGHT – WHICH PLEASED ME GREATLY, SINCE I HAD BET EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS ON HIM".
"AND WHEN I SAY WON – I MEAN IT IN THE STRICTEST SENSE".
"FOR AFTER HE WAS DECLARED THE WINNER, HE PICKED CONNOLY UP BY THE HAIR AND PULLED HIM ACROSS THE RING".
"THEN SMASHED HIS HEAD AGAINST THE RING POST".
"SOME SEVEN OR EIGHT TIMES".
"THEN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE CHEERING CROWD – MYSELF INCLUDED – BAXTER DRAGGED THE POOR, UNFORTUNATE BASTARD AROUND BY HIS ANKLES AND SPLATTERED THE CONTENTS OF HIS HEAD AROUND THE RING".

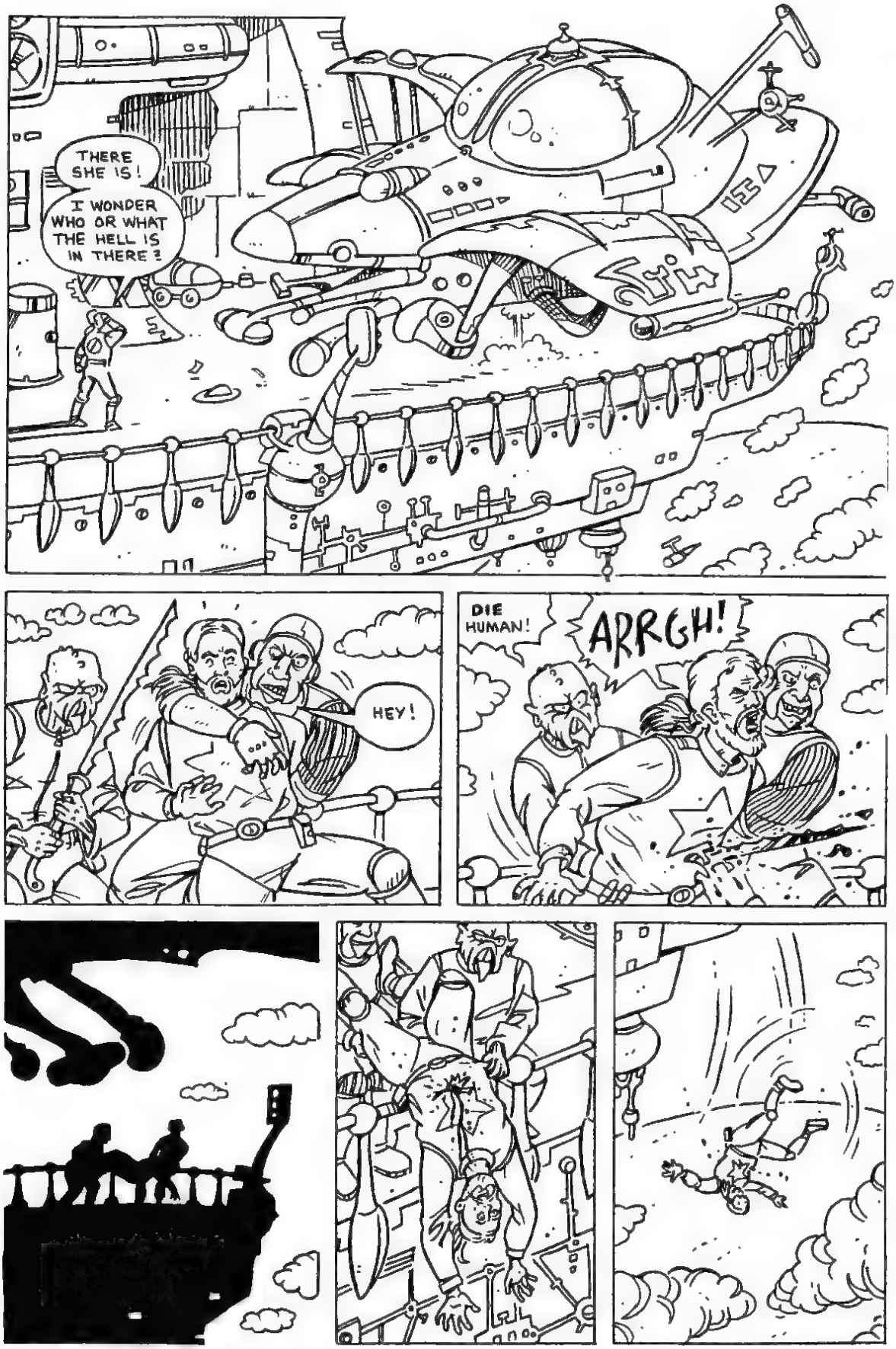
I HAVE TO TELL YOU, IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST GRUESOME SIGHTS I HAVE EVER WITNESSED IN MY ENTIRE LIFE.
IT WAS MARVELLOUS.
SO, WHEN THE GORE-FESTIVAL WAS AT LAST OVER - ONE FINAL PIECE OF BUSINESS WAS YET TO BE ATTENDED TO.
I PERSONALLY TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TELLING YOU THAT I PLACED THE HIGHEST BID FROM THE FIVE HUNDRED STRONG CROWD THAT NIGHT.
- AND I TOOK HOME THE REAL PRIZE...
...ahhh!
OH MY...
... .
HHMMPH

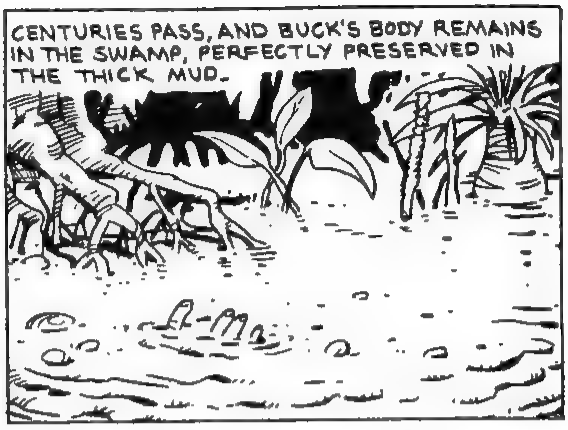
THE END.


ON THE FAR-FLUNG TRADING OUTPOST OF KWANG'S WORLD, STRATUS CITY FLOATS FIVE MILES ABOVE THE PLANET'S SURFACE. BEING A GAMBLING RESORT, A SINKHOLE OF VICE AND DEGRADATION, STRATUS CITY HAS A HEAVY SPACE RANGER PRESENCE, A PRESENCE THAT INCLUDES...
BUCK ZERO!
MONEY
PALACE
THE IDEA IN BEING A RANGER IS TO ENFORCE THE LAW, ZERO, NOT RUN UP HUGE GAMBLING DEBTS, AND HAVE THE LOCAL CRIMELORD PUT A CONTRACT OUT ON YOU!
YESSIR, I KNOW, BUT YOU SEE I WAS WORKING UNDERCOVER, AND I...
ULTRA PORN
I'M NOT A FOOL, RANGER! I'M AWARE OF YOUR PREVIOUS GAMBLING MISADVENTURES.
YOU ARE AN ILL-DISCIPLINED INDIVIDUAL WHO CONSTANTLY BENDS THE RULES AND IGNORES ORDERS FOR YOUR OWN BENEFIT!

SCRIPT - DARRYL CUNNINGHAM • ART - PHIL ELLIOTT

I DON'T CARE WHETHER THIS THREATENED CONTRACT IS CARRIED OUT OR NOT, BUT I WON'T HAVE THE GOOD NAME OF THE SERVICE BROUGHT INTO DISREPUTE.
DO YOU HEAR?
YES SIR!
HOW'D IT GO, BUCK?
PEACHY! RYDER GAVE ME HIS "YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO YOUR UNIFORM" SPEECH BUT I THINK I CONVINCED HIM IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE.
WHAT WE GOT?
UNKNOWN SPACECRAFT ON AN APPROACH TO THE CITY. NOT RESPONDING TO OUR COMMUNICATIONS. SCANNERS SHOW US IT'S UNARMED.
SO WE'RE LETTING IT DOCK AT BAY 337.
WACKY-LOOKING SHIP. STRANGE MARKINGS MUST BE FROM WAY OUT ON THE SPIRAL ARM. COULD BE FROM OUTSIDE KNOWN SPACE ALTOGETHER.
I'M GONNA ZIP DOWN TO 337 AND CHECK IT OUT!
THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG. I'M OFF DUTY IN AN HOUR AND HAVE A DATE WITH PRINCESS ZARA.
SHE'S THE ONLY BROAD I KNOW WEALTHY ENOUGH TO BAIL ME OUT WITH KRILL AND HIS MOB.
LOOK, VERN! THERE'S THAT RANGER THAT KRILL WANTS US TO SNUFF.
YEAH! LET'S FOLLOW HIM, ERN!

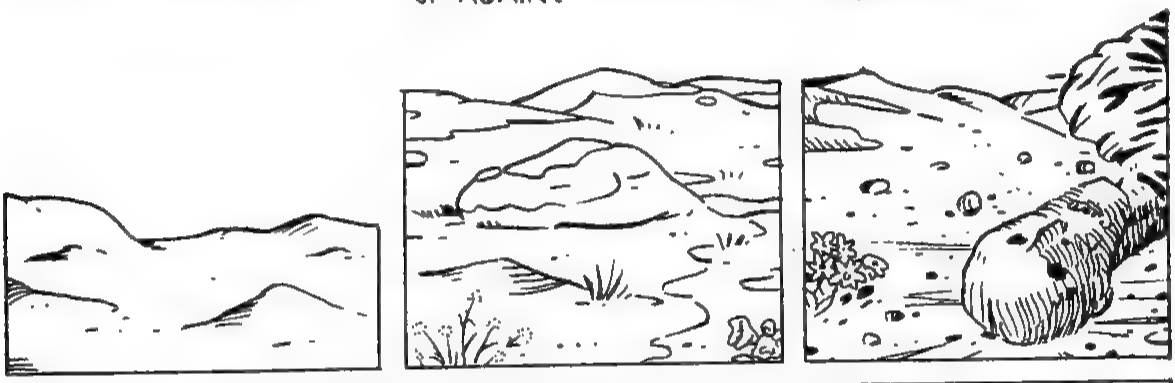

THERE SHE IS!
I WONDER WHO OR WHAT THE HELL IS IN THERE?
HEY!
DIE HUMAN!
ARRGH!

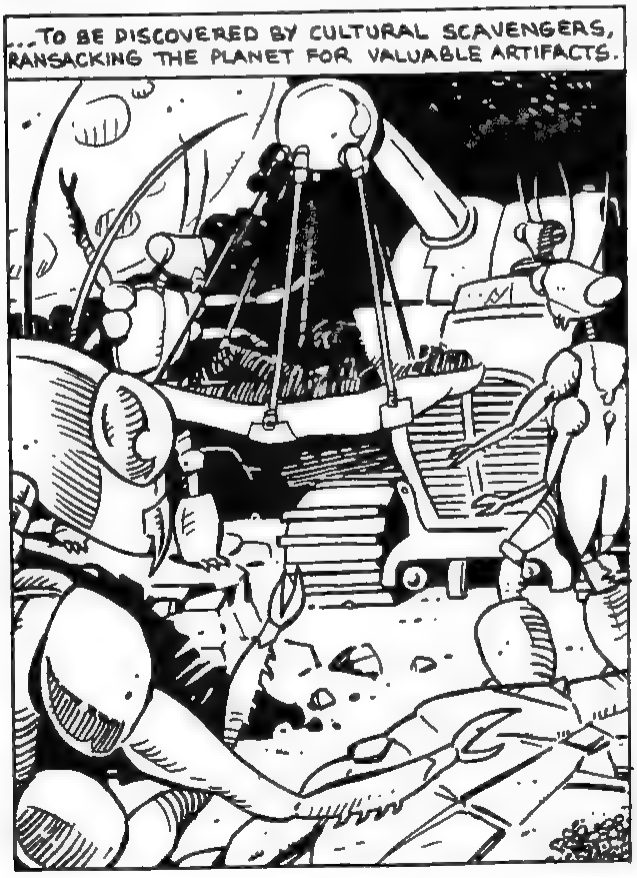


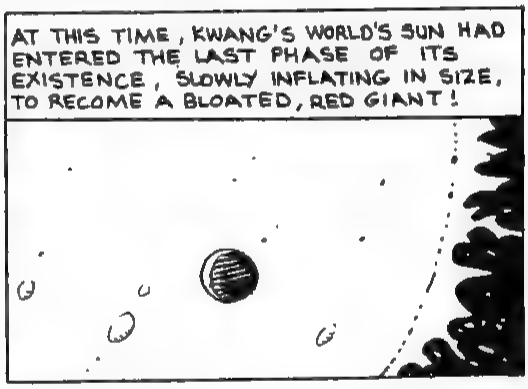
THE CLIMATE FREEZES AS AN ICE AGE DEVELOPS...

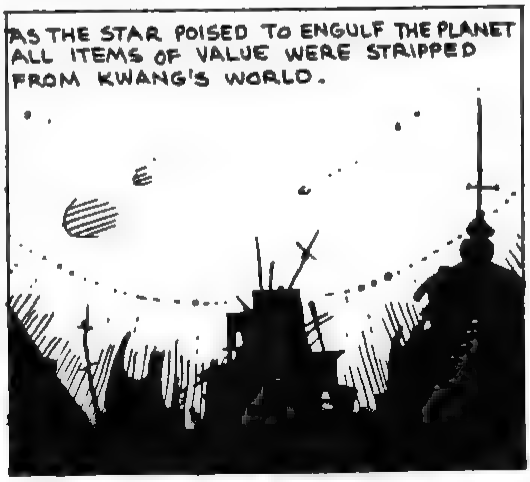
WHICH THEN RETREATS AS THE PLANET STARTS WARMING UP AGAIN.

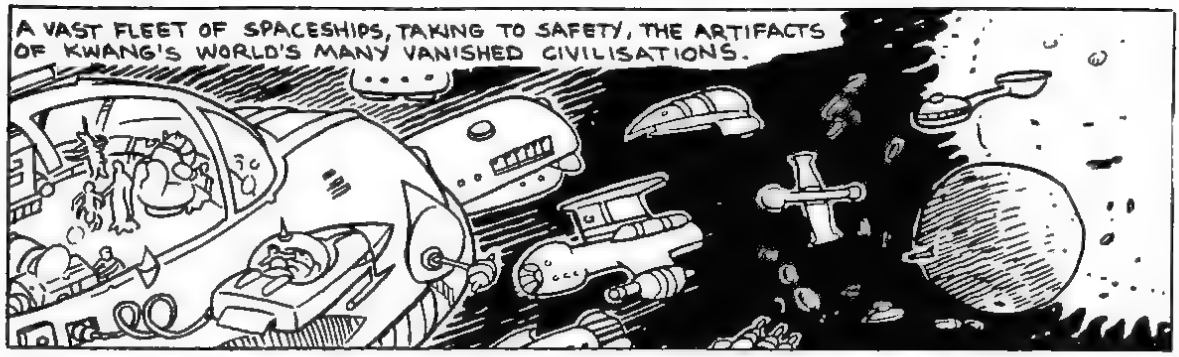
EVENTUALLY EROSION BRINGS BUCK'S BODY BACK TO THE SURFACE ...

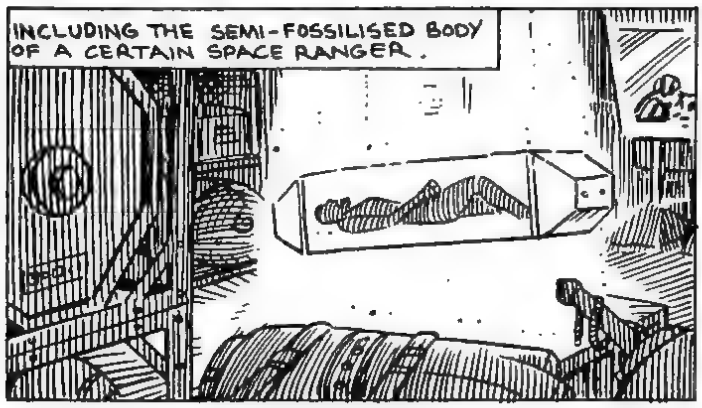


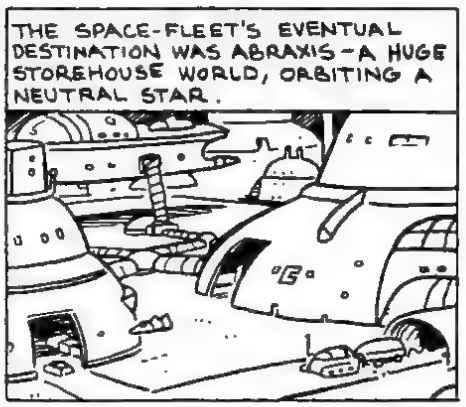



AT THIS TIME, KWANG'S WORLD'S SUN HAD ENTERED THE LAST PHASE OF ITS EXISTENCE, SLOWLY INFLATING IN SIZE, TO BECOME A BLOATED, RED GIANT!



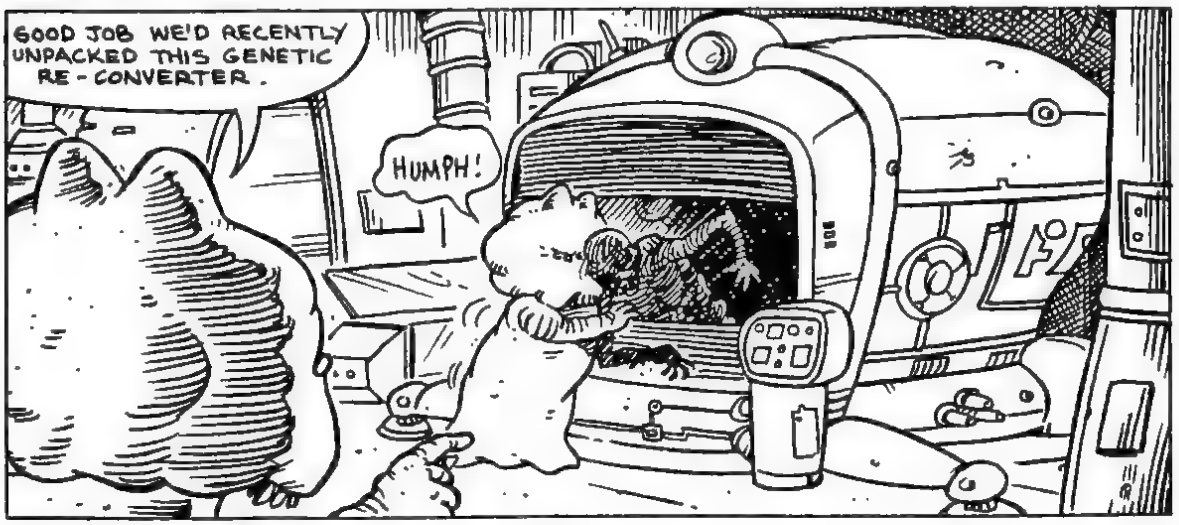

A VAST FLEET OF SPACESHIPS, TAKING TO SAFETY, THE ARTIFACTS OF KWANG'S WORLD'S MANY VANISHED CIVILISATIONS.


INCLUDING THE SEMI-FOSSILISED BODY OF A CERTAIN SPACE RANGER.


THE SPACE-FLEET'S EVENTUAL DESTINATION WAS ABRAXIS - A HUGE STOREHOUSE WORLD, ORBITING A NEUTRAL STAR.

HERE, THE ANCIENT, IMMORTAL KEEPERS OF ABRAXIS CHECKED OFF ALL ITEMS AS THEY ARRIVED.
HEY BUB! WHAT'S THAT YOU GOT THERE?
ER... SOME KIND OF PETRIFIED HUMAN, I THINK.

HMM! YOU KNOW, THIS THING'S STILL GOT A PERCENTAGE OF GENETIC MATERIAL ON IT THAT HASN'T FOSSILISED. MAYBE WE COULD BOOST AND RECONSTRUCT THE CREATURE'S DNA. WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO REVIVE IT.
WHY NOT? IT COULD BE GOOD FOR A LAFF!

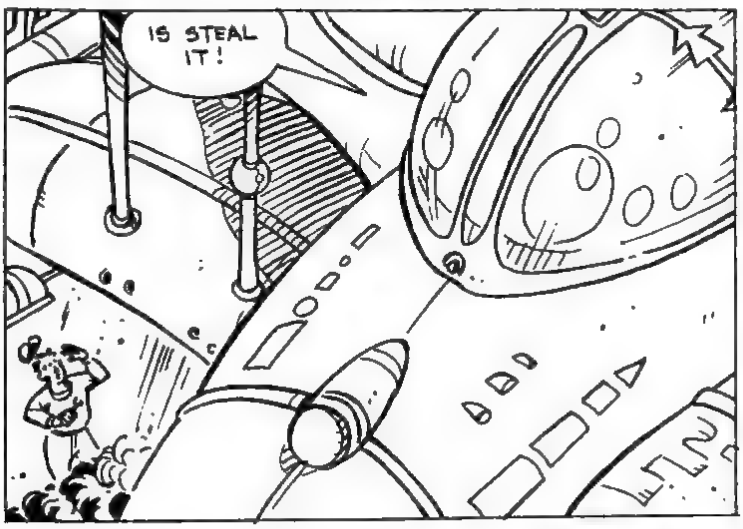

GOOD JOB WE'D RECENTLY UNPACKED THIS GENETIC RE-CONVERTER.
HUMPH!

FIRST WE START THE MACHINE.
THEN WE STAND BACK AND WAIT.
AND PRESTO, THE WORK IS DONE!
LUMP!
LOOK, ITS EVEN RE-CONSTRUCTED HIM COMPLETE IN HIS ORIGINAL CLOTHING.
YES, THE MACHINE WILL HAVE ALTERED HIS GENETIC STRUCTURE, MAKING HIM IMMORTAL ALSO!
THE KEEPERS SOON LOST INTEREST IN BUCK. HE WAS LOST, ALONE, AND FAR FROM HIS TIME AND LIGHT YEARS AWAY FROM KWANG'S WORLD.
FUCK!
AFTER SEVEN YEARS, THREE MONTHS AND TWO DAYS OF WANDERING THE ENDLESS ROWS OF ITEMS SALVAGED FROM MILLIONS OF WORLDS, BUCK MADE A DISCOVERY...
HOT DAMN!
TIME MACHINE
IF THIS BABY WORKS, I COULD AT LEAST MAKE IT BACK TO THE 25TH CENTURY?

HMM...THIS MACHINE WAS OBVIOUSLY DESIGNED FOR A SMALLER CREATURE.
NEVER MIND...
...IT LOOKS SIMPLE ENOUGH. I'LL SET THE CONTROLS TO ARRIVE A YEAR BEFORE I LEFT - THAT SHOULD GIVE ME TIME TO TRAVEL BACK TO KWANG'S WORLD.
HOWEVER, BUCK MISREAD THE TIME MACHINE'S ALIEN LETTERING, AND SO INADVERTENTLY SET THE CONTROLS TO ONE BILLION YEARS TOO EARLY!
HE ALSO LANDED THE MACHINE BADLY.
KRAK!
POFF!
GODDAMMIT! THE THING'S A RIGHT OFF!
CHRIST! I'VE OVERSHOT! I'M DEEP IN THE PLANET'S PAST. IT COULD BE EONS BEFORE LIFE EVOLVES ENOUGH TO DEVELOP INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL.
GKK! GKK!
GUESS I'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO WAIT AWHILE.
AND SO...

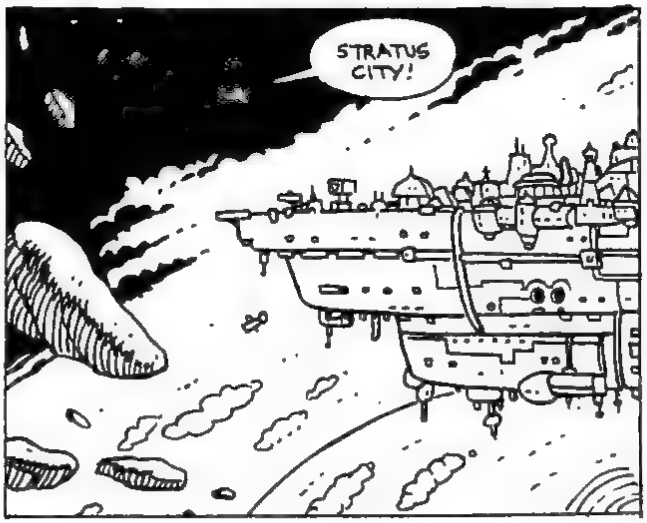
THANK CHRIST FOR THAT! I WAS GETTING BORED.

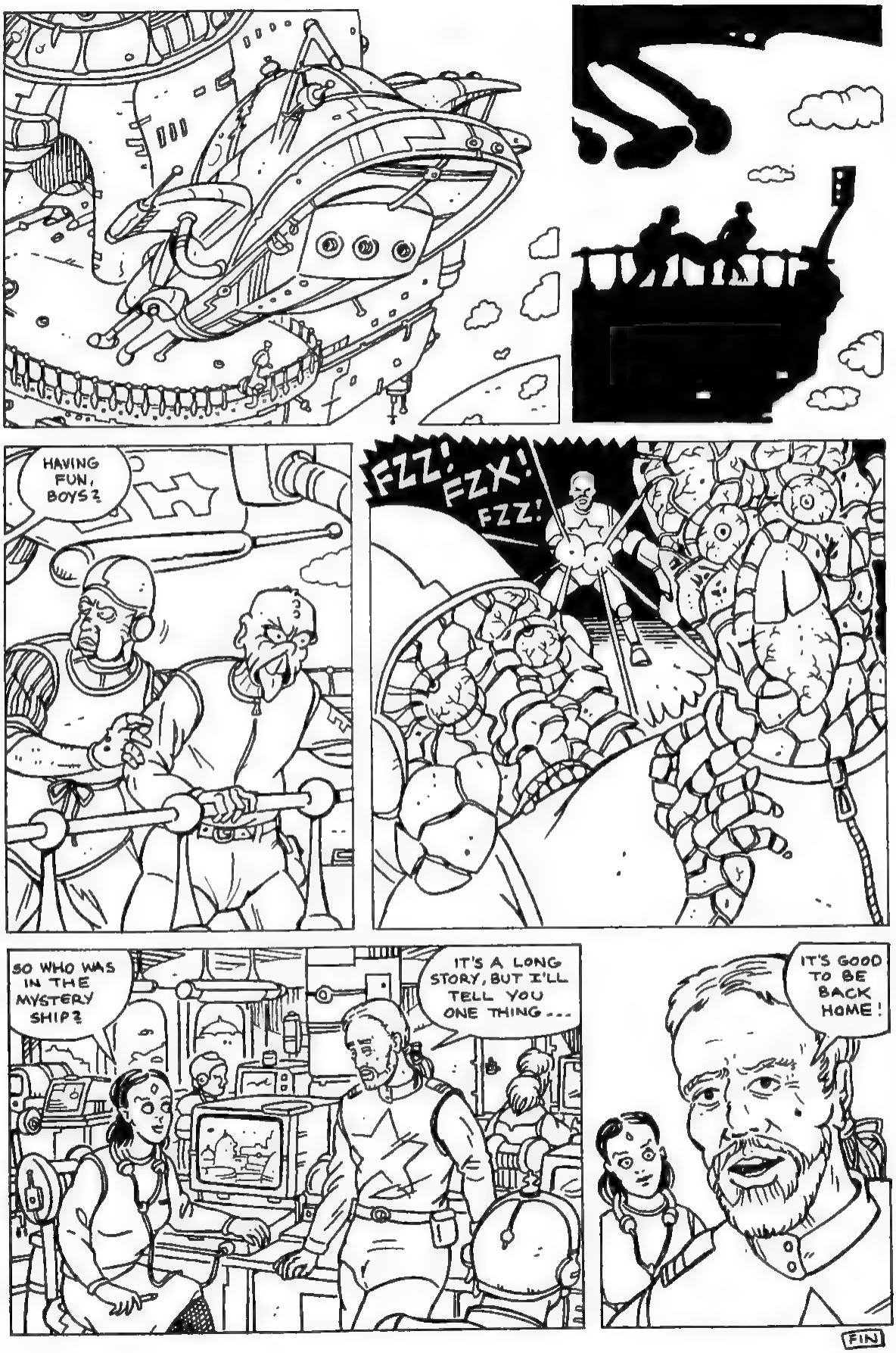
THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE SHIP I HAVE TO TAKE.
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO ...


IS STEAL IT!

I'M STILL A HUNDRED YEARS TOO EARLY, BUT IF I TAKE IT SLOW IN CROSSING THE GALACTIC PLANE, THEN I SHOULD ARRIVE AT KWANG'S WORLD AT THE RIGHT TIME.

ONE CENTURY LATER ...
AT LAST, I'M BACK!


STRATUS CITY!


HAVING FUN, BOYS?
FZZ! FZX! FZZ!
SO WHO WAS IN THE MYSTERY SHIP?
IT'S A LONG STORY, BUT I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING...
IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK HOME!
FIN

THANK YOU, FOR INVITING ME IN.
MY INVITATION WAS NOT NECESSARY, THIS IS A CHURCH. ALL ARE WELCOME HERE.
OH... ARE YOU THE PRIEST FOR THIS MISSION?
ONCE, A LIFETIME AGO, I COULD HAVE BEEN, BUT NOW... NO.
I AM ULITH.
I'M TEM
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, TEMPLE. YOU'RE THE AVENGING SON OF R'YLOTHON
AVENGING SON? THAT ISN'T REALLY AN APT DESCRIPTION.
THAT WAS A POOR CHOICE OF WORDS, I'M SORRY.
THERE IS NO NEED TO DESCRIBE YOUR STATION, AS I HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING OF YOUR TRUE NATURE.
YOU HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE, MY FRIEND.
PLEASE, LET US SIT BY THE FIRE AND TALK AS MORTALS ARE WONT TO DO.
PERHAPS, I CAN REMEDY THAT SITUATION.
WOULD YOU CARE FOR A DRINK?
NO, THANK YOU.
SUIT YOURSELF.

WHOSE CHURCH IS THIS?
WHOSE DO YOU THINK?
R'LYOTHON? I DON'T THINK SO.
WHY NOT? YOU MAY FIND THIS HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT AT ONE TIME, R'LYOTHON HAD MANY HOUSES OF WORSHIP
WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN TRAVELING THE UNIVERSE FOR A LONG TIME AND THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE SEEN.
MOST HAVE FALLEN INTO DISREPAIR, NOW, ONLY A HANDFUL REMAIN.
HOW COULD THAT HAPPEN?
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH GODS, THE SUN CAN ONLY SHINE ON EACH OF THEM FOR A LIMITED TIME.
BACK THEN, R'LYOTHON WAS STRONG WITH THE BELIEF OF HIS FOLLOWERS, TODAY, HE'S A FAINT MEMORY.
PEOPLE CAN BE FICKLE
THEY AREN'T THE ONLY ONES TO BLAME, THE GODS BRING A LOT OF THIS ON THEMSELVES.
IN AN EFFORT TO SECURE MORE POWER, THEY SCHEME, THEY MANIPULATE, THEY BUILD UP A POWER BASE OF FAITH, SO THEY CAN ENGAGE IN "HOLY WARS".
IN THE END, THEY LOSE MORE THAN THEY CAN SPARE AND A GOD WITH FEW FOLLOWERS, IS A GOD WITH LITTLE STRENGTH. AS SUPREME BEINGS GO, THEY AREN'T VERY BRIGHT.

I HAVE SEEN A LITTLE OF THIS, MYSELF.
OF COURSE YOU HAVE, YOU CAN'T REMAIN IN CLOSE CONTACT WITH THEM, WITHOUT SEEING.
HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR PATRON DEITY?
NOT THAT MUCH, I GUESS. I KNOW HE WON'T TOLERATE EVIL, THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.
CAN YOU DEFINE THE NATURE OF EVIL?
IT'S KIND OF OPEN TO INTERPRETATION, I THINK. FOR INSTANCE, THERE IS AN UNUSUAL SPECIES OF BIRD, ONLY FOUND HERE, ON XENIC'S MOON.
IF I WENT OUT AND DESTROYED EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM, FOR NO REASON, OTHER THAN MY PLEASURE, THAT WOULD BE AN EVIL ACTION, DO YOU AGREE?
YES
HOW ABOUT THIS? YOU CAME HERE TO DESTROY THE BIRDS, I KNEW ABOUT IT IN ADVANCE AND DID NOTHING TO STOP YOU.
HOW WOULD YOU DEFINE MY ACTIONS, THEN?
WELL...
WHY DO YOU HESITATE? IT'S NEARLY THE SAME THING.. OR IS IT?
WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME THIS?
I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHO YOU REPRESENT. YOU'RE A POWERFUL BEING, TEMPLE, IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS---
ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME I SERVE AN EVIL GOD?
I WOULDN'T SAY RYLOTHON IS EVIL, BUT ALL THE GODS HAVE A DIFFERENT MORAL CODE THAN WE DO. NEVER BELIEVE, FOR A MOMENT, THAT YOU AND RYLOTHON ARE WORKING FOR THE SAME THING.

HERE, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.
WHAT IS THIS?
ANCIENT. IMPORTANT. IT'S PART HISTORY, PART SCRIPTURE, IT'LL TELL YOU A LITTLE OF R'YLOTHON AND HIS GOALS.
I DON'T RECOGNIZE THIS LANGUAGE, I CAN'T READ THIS.
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO... IN TIME.
HOW DID YOU COME BY THIS?
I WROTE IT.
YOU MAY FIND THIS HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT I WAS ONCE R'YLOTHON'S HIGH PRIEST.
WHEN WAS THIS?
LONG AGO, BEFORE YOU WERE BORN.
I'M A LOT OLDER THAN I LOOK.
SO AM I.
WHAT HAPPENED?
A CONFLICT AROSE BETWEEN R'YLOTHON AND SÖHDER, A POWER STRUGGLE R'YLOTHON WANTED SOME OF SÖHDER'S AREA OF INFLUENCE AND HE HAD THE STRENGTH TO TAKE IT
SÖHDER GIRDED HIMSELF WELL, HE MADE A PACT WITH DEMONS FROM OUTSIDE THE NATURE OF THEIR DEAL, I'LL NEVER KNOW IT WAS ENOUGH, HOWEVER, AS SÖHDER WITHSTOOD R'YLOTHON'S ADVANCES
OUR SIDE LOST

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND SOMETHING. MY RELATIONSHIP WITH R'LYOTHON WAS DIFFERENT THAN YOURS. I WAS ONLY A PRIEST. I HAD SOME POWER AND I KNEW MANY SPELLS, BUT I WAS NOTHING, COMPARED TO YOU.
SO, WHAT HAPPENED?
WELL, FOR DARING TO TRANSGRESS AGAINST SÖHDER, R'LYOTHON WAS ASKED TO CONCEDE BUT ONE THING . . . ME . . . HIS HIGH PRIEST. R'LYOTHON PROBABLY THOUGHT THIS WAS FAIRLY EQUITABLE.
ONE NIGHT, SÖHDER APPEARED BEFORE ME, IN THE FORM OF A BURNING MAN. HE WAS VERY IMPRESSIVE. THE FIRST THING HE DID, WAS SEVER MY CONTACT WITH MY GOD, SO MY SPELLS WERE GONE.
HE THEN CURSED ME TO TAKE THE SHAPE OF A MONSTER . . . AND FINALLY, HE "BLESSED" ME WITH EXTREMELY LONG LIFE.
WHAT DID YOU DO?
THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK OF DOING. I WAS ANGRY AND I WAS HURT, SO WHEN THE CHANGE CAME OVER ME, I DESTROYED AND HURT OTHERS. IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO GET THAT OUT OF MY SYSTEM.
WHEN I COULD STAND IT NO LONGER, I JOURNEYED TO A PLACE WHERE I COULDN'T HURT ANYONE, BUT MYSELF.
IT'S NOT FAIR.
IT'S LIFE, SOMETIMES IT IS UNFAIR. I'VE BEEN A PAWN, IN A GAME PLAYED BY GODS AND FOR OVER A HUNDRED CYCLES, I HAVE PAID THE PRICE.
HALF OF THE TIME I'M A MONSTER, THE OTHER HALF . . . I'M HUMAN, REMEMBERING AND REGRETTING WHAT I'VE DONE.
I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW YOU'VE KEPT YOUR SANITY.
PRAYER HELPS. EVERY NIGHT, I PRAY IT WILL END.
WHEN DOES YOUR TRANSFORMATION TAKE PLACE?
WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.
JUDITH, THE SUN HAS GONE DOWN
YES, I KNOW

LIGHTS OF GHIST!
RRRRRRRR RRRRRRRRR RRRRRR
LOOKING INTO THE CREATURE'S EYES, TEMPLE SEES NO SIGN OF ULITH'S INTELLIGENCE.
WAIT.
CRUNCH!
OOF!
TEMPLE TRIES HIS BEST TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THE RELENTLESS ONSLAUGHT OF THE BEAST.
RAGH!
AWARE THAT ANY DAMAGE INFLICTED ON THE MONSTER IS DAMAGE TO ULITH, TEMPLE HAS HELD BACK, UNTIL . . .
SNAP!
AARGH!
SLASH!

BY UTILIZING ONE OF HIS POWER WORDS, TEMPLE STARTS THE HEALING PROCESS.
Th!
GROW!
GRH!
Ih
WITH ONE MORE WORD, SPOKEN IN A MOMENT OF PAIN, THE FIGHT IS ENDED.
Fm!
THANK YOU.
"And my ending is despair, Unless I be relieved by prayer, Which pierces so that it assaults Mercy itself and frees all faults."
-William Shakespeare
THE END.

THIS IS A STORY...
NO, NOT A STORY THE WAY "THE TELL-TALE HEART" IS A STORY. THIS IS THE KIND OF STORY YOU TELL TO YOUR FRIENDS WHEN THE EVENING SKY HAS DARKENED INTO MIDNIGHT BLACK AND YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO THINK ABOUT EVERY WORD YOU'RE SAYING.
LET ME PREFACE THIS: I DON'T BELIEVE IN REVENGE I TRY NOT TO HOLD GRUDGES I DON'T LOOK FOR WAYS TO EVEN THE SCORE WITH SOMEONE WHO HAS WRONG-ED ME
BUT THERE'S THIS ONE GUY WHO SPENDS A LOT OF HIS WAKING HOURS LOOKING TO GET THE BIG "R" ON ME FOR WRONGS HE IMAGINES I'VE DONE HIM
"HE DOESN'T LIKE ME AND I DON'T SEND HIM A CHRISTMAS CARD... EVER."

"RECENTLY, I INVITED A GROUP OF PEOPLE OUT TO DINNER. THE OCCASION ISN'T IMPORTANT"
"WELL, 'HE' WAS AMONG THEM."
"WELL, I COULDN'T VERY WELL NOT INVITE HIM. I LIKE TO THINK I'M A BIGGER PERSON THAN THAT."
WELL, I WAS THE GRACIOUS HOST THAT PARTICULAR EVENING. I WAS CHARMING. I WAS FRIENDLY. I PARRIED HIS FEEBLE ATTEMPTS TO INSULT ME WITHOUT MALICE.
"I EVEN INSISTED HE HAVE DESSERT. "HANG THE EXPENSE," SAID I"
2

"AFTERWARD, A FRIEND TOLD ME THAT I HAD GOTTEN THE *PERFECT* REVENGE ON THIS PERSON. THAT I HAD SHOWN MYSELF TO BE MORE TOGETHER, A *BETTER* PERSON THAN HE COULD EVER *HOPE* TO BE."
I'M NOT PICKY.
IF *THAT'S* REVENGE, I'LL TAKE IT.
"BUT PART OF ME WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO STOMP THAT MOTHERLESS MAGGOT INTO THE *PAVEMENT*."
WHAP!
BAM!
ARK!
KRUNCH!
THAT BOTHERS ME.
I DON'T BELIEVE IN REVENGE
STORY-*TONY ISABELLA* & ART-*MIKE WORLEY*

A diesel truck-like vehicle travels through space along a Pan-Dimensional® Transway.
The truck is the property of one Barnabas Plimp, but no one calls him Barnabas. You'd better call him...
MONSTER TRUCK
His cargo is bound for the Inflatus system...
...a plane-scape of desperate beings in need of something all too precious...
...NAKED FOLK.
HEY! WATCH IT!!
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE, I WONDER...
WHO CARES? I'VE BEEN WAITING TO MAKE THIS TRIP MY WHOLE LIFE!
I DON'T GIVE A CRUD WHAT'S GOING ON AS LONG AS MR. TRUCK GETS US THERE.

...STILL... IT *IS* KINDA COLD IN HERE, DON'T YOU THINK?
I-I-I TH-THINK SUH-SO!
COME ON...LIVEN UP, OLD BOY!
BA-WHOOM!
WHAT IN TODD'S *NAME*?!
FWONK!!
WATCH IT, YA STANKIN', *POLE-VAULTIN'*, HALFWIT *BUTT-NUGGET!*®
I OUGHTTA POUND YOUR *STOOPID-ASS BRAINBALLS!!*®
OH, MISTER *MONSTER* TRUCK!! I, *WUBBIE BEAU*, AM SO *STIMULATED!*
YOU CERTAINLY ARE A *BIG HELPING* TO THE PEOPLE OF *INFLATUS!*
MT
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK! THEY'LL BE SO *AROUSED! BOY-OH-BOY*, WHAT A DEAL!
GRMMBBLL GRRRUMBLE GROAN GRUMMMBL
...MAIM FRRIGGNG FRAAGGN MURDER ..
YOUR SERVICE PROMISED ON-TIME *DISCHARGE* WITH NO QUESTIONS *DESIRED* AND, AS YOU CAN TELL, IN A *POSITION* LIKE TH--
FOR THE *MILLIONTH* TIME, *SHUT UP!!!*
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
I'M GONNA KILL YA, WUBBIE BEAU, IF'N YA *DON'T* SHUT YER *BLOWHOLE!*

HMMM... BLOWHOLE... ???
..WHAT AN INTERESTING CHOICE OF WORDS...
...YOU SAY THE MOST THRILLING THINGS...
And thusly, Monster Truck's woes continue as he approaches the hull-port of Cheekymunky...
It's a real dump. But all forms of debauchery can be had here for a next to minimal price.
Monster Truck loves this place...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF CRIMINAL FORNICATION IS THIS?!...
...A CONFOUNDED BLOCKADE?
A lot of the local law enforcers have been cracking down on Cheekymunky a short time ago...
Monster Truck curses his luck that this must be one of those times.
And he really hates having to beat up the old bluecoats! They're just doing their job. He can respect that.
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! THIS IS THE SMUT POLICE®!!
But, by Todd, they're a damnable nuisance!
WE KNOW WHAT YOU GOT IN THERE!
SO YOU JUST HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MISTER!

STEP DOWN!
DON'T YA CATERWAUL ME!!
I'LL GIVE YA SOMETHIN' TA HOLD, YA DAMN GIT!
NOW I GOTTA DELIVERY TA MAKE, SON!
SO GET OUTTA THE ROAD OR I'M 'FRAID I'M A GONNA HAVE TA ABUSE Y'ALL REAL HARSH-LIKE, Y'SEE!
CENSORED
CENSORED
WE CONFISCATE THIS VEHICLE AND ALL ITS CARGO IN THE NAME OF THE SMUT POLICE®!
OH, PLEASE PUNISH ME, OFFICER! I'VE BEEN VERRRY BAD!
I'M SICK AS ALL BUGGERY OF A FEW HIGH-TOOTIN' FOLK ACTING AS A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE FER THE MASSES!
SURE AS SHITE IN THE EYE I DON'T AGREE WITH THE IDEALOGIES AND MORALITY OF EVERYONE, BUT I DO RESPECT THEIR BELIEFS...
...AN'S STOOPID AS THEY MAY BE, I DON'T GO 'ROUND SHOVIN' MINE DOWN THEIR THROATS!
JUST A WELL-PLACED BOOT NOW AND THEN (WHICH YOU FELLAS ARE 'BOUT TA GET).
ENOUGH!!!
BASSURS SONSA

GUNS GONE...DON'T WANT NO ONE TA GET SHOT.
YA READY?
OH, I SEE YA ARE.
ALL RIGHT... LET'S SEE HERE... SCOOTER, SMOKY BOB, CHEESE LIPS...KEEP COMIN', I'M TAKIN' NAMES...
REALLY, FELLAS, I SHOULD THANK YA...BEEN NEEDIN' SOME ACTION TA BLOW OFF STEAM...
HEY!! THIS ISN'T INFLATUS!
WHUZZAH!
NAME'S JUNKYARD. THIS BUS IS FIXING TO LEAVE.
YOU WANT ON BOARD? THEN MOUNT UP!
OH... MY...
HOLY TERROR! THAT CRUD-FILLED CLOACA, JUNKYARD, IS FOISTING MY RIG!
OKAY, OKAY! JUST DON'T HIT ME ANYMORE!! PLEASE?

MAKE WAY FOR THE HOUND DOG EXPRESS! YEE-HOO! RAWF! RAWF!
SONBITCH!!
OUT OF THE WAY, LOSERS!
HONK HONK
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
:SIGH: DON'T S'POSE I CAN BUM A RIDE FROM YOU FELLAS?
Fini?

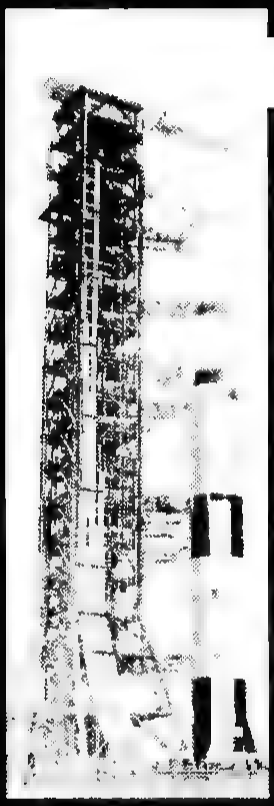
ASTRONAUTS IN TROUBLE IN AFTERBURN

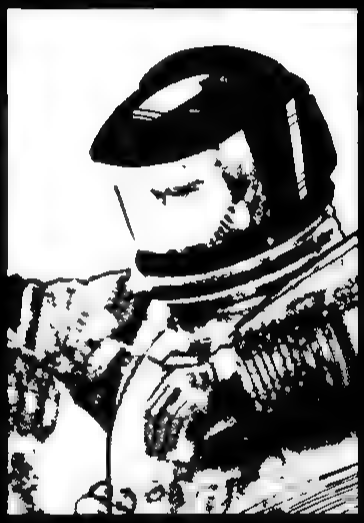
A ZERO-GRAVITY REVERIE

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY -- LARRY YOLING

I CONQUERED SLEEP IN THE LAND OF DREAMS...

...WITH SWORD ON HIGH...

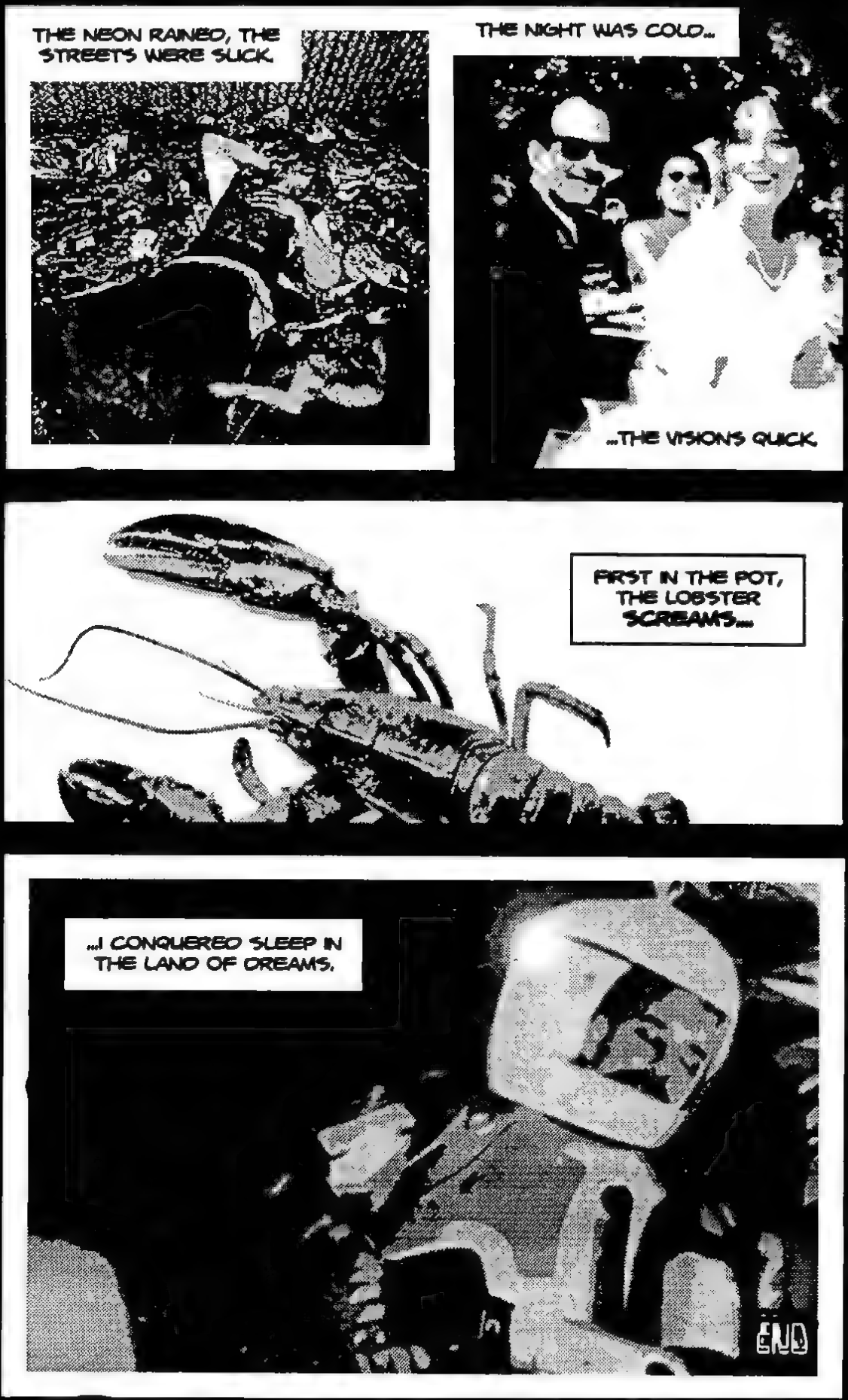




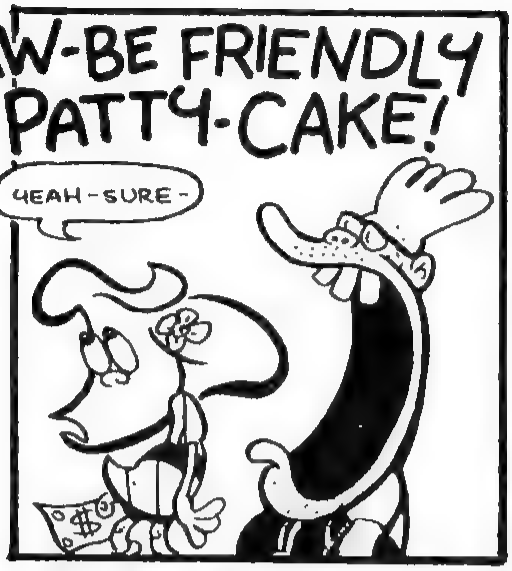
...THE ARMOR GLEAMS.

THE NIGHT WAS COLD, MY BLOOD FLOWED THICK...

...WHILE FROM THE LINE, THE VICTIMS PICK.

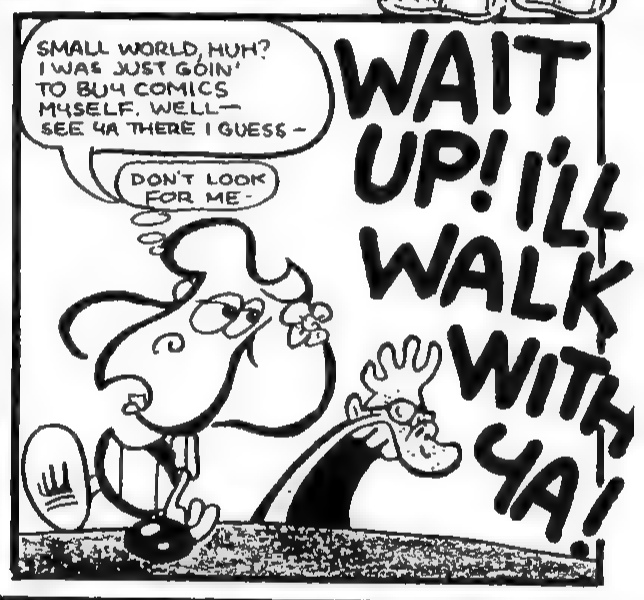

THE NEON RAINED, THE STREETS WERE SLICK.
THE NIGHT WAS COLD...
...THE VISIONS QUICK.
FIRST IN THE POT, THE LOBSTER SCREAMS...
...I CONQUERED SLEEP IN THE LAND OF DREAMS.
END

PATTY CAKE
IN
COLLECTOR'S CHOICE
HEY PATTY CAKE!!
WHERE YA GOIN' PATTY CAKE? HUH?
IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS KEITH—


AW-BE FRIENDLY PATTY-CAKE!
YEAH-SURE-

I'LL TELL YA WHERE I'M GOIN' WHY DON'T YA ASK ME?
'CAUSE I DON'T CARE
ALL RIGHT- WHERE ARE YOU GOING KEITH?

TO BUY COMIC BOOKS
OH GREAT


SMALL WORLD, HUH? I WAS JUST GOIN' TO BUY COMICS MYSELF. WELL- SEE YA THERE I GUESS-
DON'T LOOK FOR ME-
WAIT UP! I'LL WALK WITH YA!

SO WHAT COMICS ARE YA GONNA BUY PATTY-CAKE?
IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS KEITH-

I'LL TELL YA WHAT I'M BUYIN'!
YOU CAN BUY WHATEVER YOU WANT KEITH. IT DOESN'T MEAN SQUADOO TO ME-

I'M GONNA BUY HOTHEAD!!! TH' COOLEST, ANGRIEST SUPER MOST MUSCULAR HERO THEY EVER INVENTED!

WOW! I JUST THOUGHT. D'YA S'POSE A GUY LIKE HOTHEAD COULD BE FOR REAL PATTY-CAKE?

TO YOU I GUESS

THEY GOT FIVE BRAND NEW ISSUES INCLUDIN THREE HOLOGRAPHIC ONES AN' I'M REAL EXCITED 'CAUSE THEY'RE FINISHIN' ONE STORY ARC AN' STARTIN' A NEW ONE!

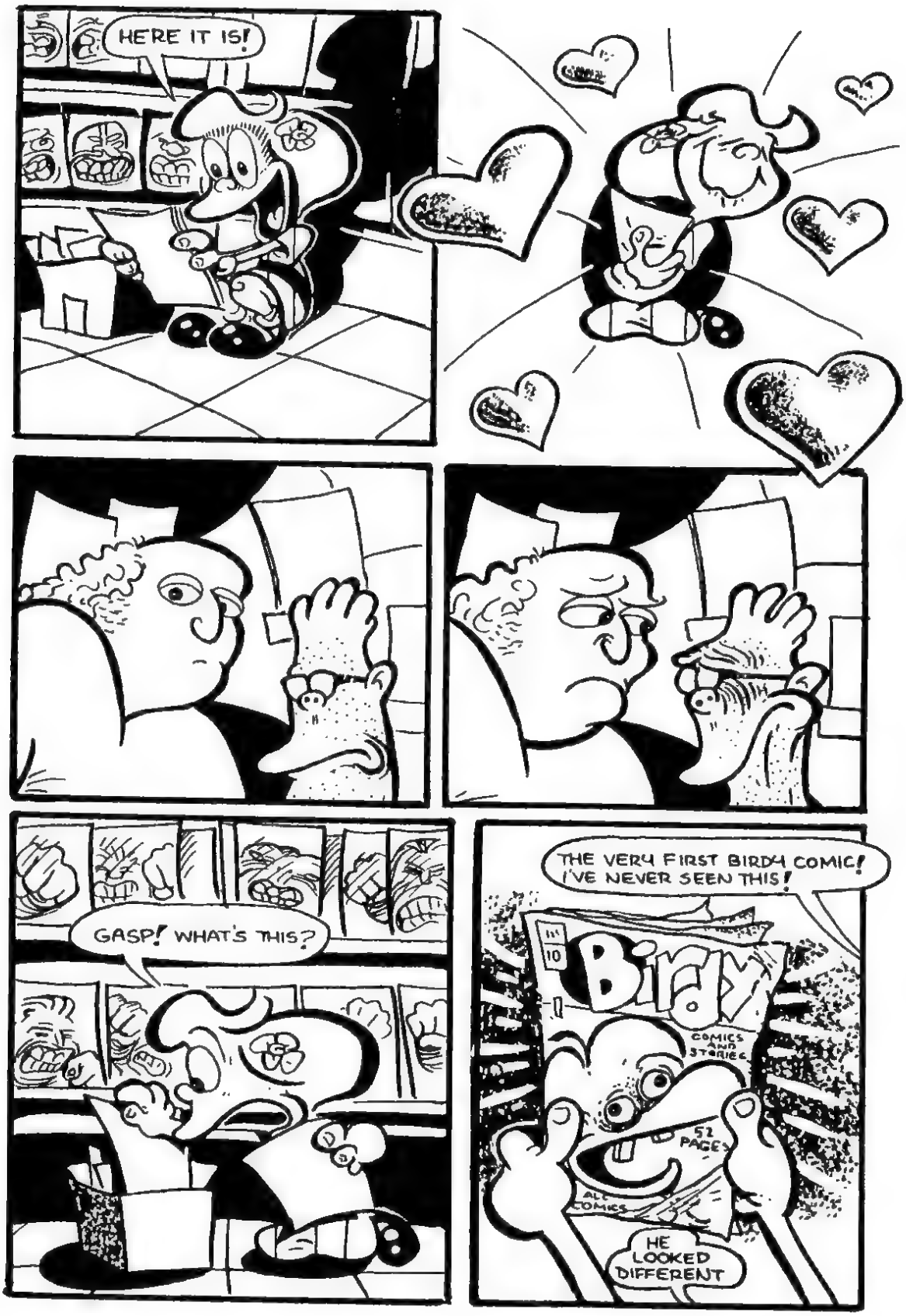
IN TH' LAST ISSUE O' TH' FIRST ARC, HOTHEAD FINALLY KILLS TH' EVIL MENDU-AN' THEY USE SPECIAL INK FOR TH' BLOOD! IN TH' FIRST ISSUE O' TH' NEW ARC-MENDU IS BACK AN' BADDER THAN EVER! IT'S SO, COOL!

THEN

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TILL IRVING CAN READ, AN I'LL SHARE MY COMICS WITH HIM
IRVING CAN READ
'COURSE HE'LL HAVE TO RESPECT THAT THEY APPRECIATE AN' MUST BE KEPT IN THEIR MYLAR BAGS
IRVING CAN READ, KEITH-
A COLLECTION LIKE MINE IS SORTA LIKE A LEGACY!
IRVING CAN READ, KEITH-
MANY OF THESE ISSUES ARE ALREADY HISTORIC! TH' NEW ONES FOR INSTANCE.
IRVING CAN READ KEITH-
HUH? WHAT? IRVING CAN READ? SINCE WHEN?
WELL, MAYBE NOT A LOT- BUT HE CAN READ MY COMICS.
WHAT-YA MEAN LIKE SISSY GIRL COMICS?
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. MY SISSY GIRL COMICS-

WOW! I CAN SEE I GOTTA EXPOSE IRVING TO SOME GOOD STUFF B'FORE THERE'S A MAJOR WUSS WHERE MY BROTHER USED TO BE!
HE'LL THANK YOU, I'M SURE!
OKAY - WE'RE HERE - AND I DON'T WANT ANY REMARKS ABOUT THE COMICS I'M BUYIN' -
Open
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!
UH-HUH-
HI! I WANT TWO COPIES EACH OF TH' NEW HOTHEAD ISSUES - AN' THE NEW CARDS!
YOU GOT 'EM KEITH
TWO COPIES?
PANT PANT
ONE TO READ AN' ONE TO KEEP IN THE BAG SO IT INCREASES IN VALUE!
GEESH

AN' WHAT ABOUT YOUR GIRLFRIEND?
I'M NOT HIS GIRLFRIEND!!!
I'LL TAKE THE NEW "BIRDY" PLEASE-
OH-YEAH! FUNNY COMICS ARE DOWN AT THE END-
STAY OUT
BIG MAN
"KILL NOW" "BLOODLETTING FRENZY" "DEEP KNIFE" "MORBID WAR" "LONELY DEATH"
UNDERNEATH!
OH-YEAH. KOFF


HERE IT IS!
GASP! WHAT'S THIS?
THE VERY FIRST BIRDY COMIC! I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS!
Birdy
COMICS AND STORIES
52 PAGES
ALL COMICS
HE LOOKED DIFFERENT

HOW MUCH IS THIS? IT'S A COPY OF-
BIGGY
WHATEVER THE COVER PRICE IS, SWEETHEART. OKAY-HERE WE GO-GO-GO-HOTHEAD SPECIAL ISH NUMBER-WHOA, KEITH DON'T DROOL ON THE MYLAR-
MM-HM-THAT'LL BE FORTY BIG ONES, MY MAN-
I GOT IT RIGHT HERE!!
SLAP
LOOK AT THAT HOLOGRAM. ISN'T THAT SOMETHIN'?
HOTHEAD
SOMETHIN' ISN'T THE WORD FOR IT!
SIGH

I'LL TAKE THESE
RIGHT - TWO 'BIRDY' COMICS - THAT'LL BE A DOLLAR TEN -
THERE 'GO. ENJOY -
THANK YOU -
FUNNY COMICS. I DUNNO
STAND-UP COMICS
IF WE AIN'T GOT IT - IT AIN'T WORTH DIDDLY
CARD SETS Complete
I DON'T GET IT PATTY-CAKE THOSE DUMB COMICS WILL NEVER BE WORTH ANYTHING! HOW COME YOU LIKE 'EM SO MUCH?
I LIKE 'EM 'CAUSE THEY MAKE ME HAPPY - B'SIDES - IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, KEITH.
-ENJOY YOUR BAGS.
SLAM
OH THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD STORY, PATTY-CAKE. 'BIRDY THROWS HIS VOICE'
UM - WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
THAT'S WHEN IT LOOKS LIKE A DUMMY'S TALKIN' - BUT IT ISN'T REALLY SAYIN' ANYTHING
SORTA LIKE YOUR BIG BROTHER
MARTIKE SEA MONKEY
EN

Victorian Dream

Here's a dream I had on March 25th, '94. that has such a logical and complete narrative structure, I almost used it as a story — as "art." But.... I'll just tell the dream exactly as it occured to me.

The dream takes place in Victorian England. A middle-aged man's wife dies prematurely, leaving him with a very young son.

Being of low station in life, the man makes great sacrifices to raise the son alone, eventually giving up all personal pleasures for the boy's benefit.

The couple's financial burden worsens and the father is reduced to stealing food for the boy — and is caught!

The father is shipped to a prison overseas.

Meanwhile, the boy is put in an orphanage; his father eventually becomes a distant memory.

Fifteen years pass. The boy, knowing nothing but cruelty and despair, has become a scoundrel, a thief.

His father, now a free man, makes the long trip by ship back to England, to try and find his long-lost son and lovingly reunite with him.

It is a cold, rainy, windy night. The old man comes to a street corner, where there is a combination pub/inn.

The street is dark, only illuminated by gaslights that reflect in the rain on the cobblestone streets.

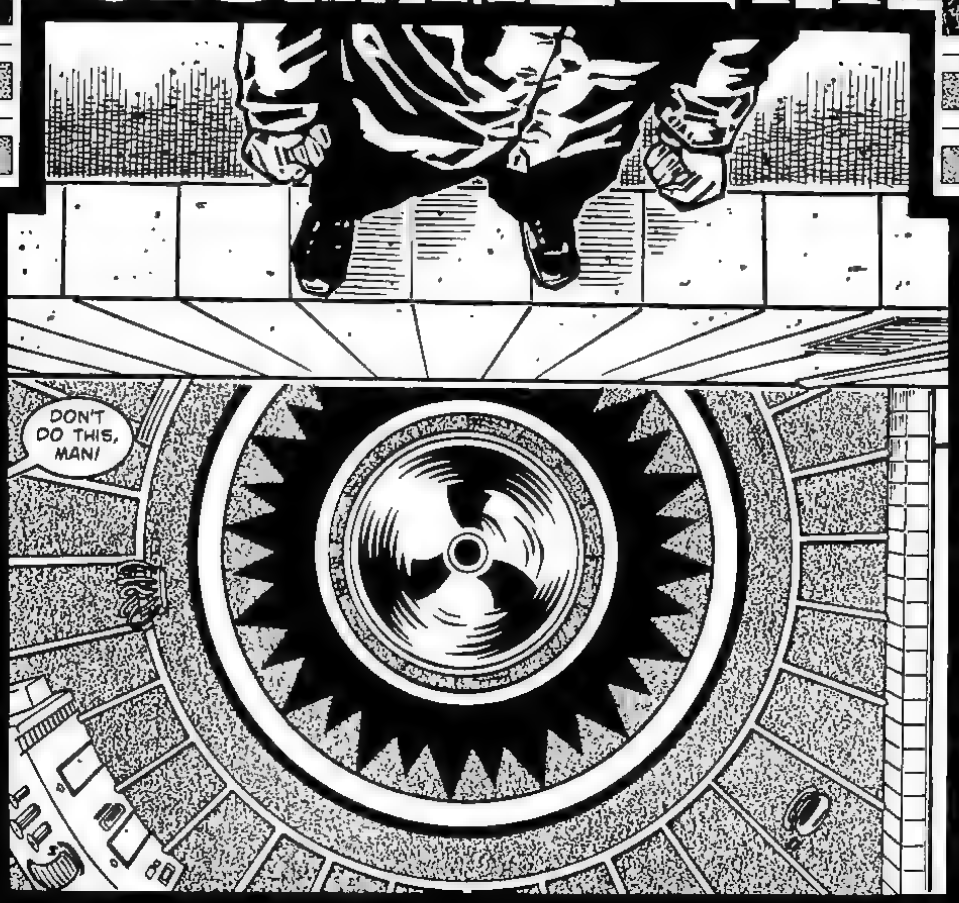
The only sound is the creaking of the wooden signs which sway back and forth above the businesses.

Suddenly, a figure appears from an alley and demands money.

When the old man stumbles or is too slow, he is shot, and the figure takes the man's purse, running off into the night.

The figure, of course, was the man's son, never to know that he had killed his father, and the father dying unaware that he had been killed by the person he had gone to prison for.

JUMPER


DON'T DO THIS, MAN!

C'MON, MAN. PLEASE, BRETT. COME DOWN OFF THE WALL. WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS.

OH GOD... OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD...
BRETT. PLEASE. LISTEN TO ME. BRETT... KELLY WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED THIS.

I REALIZE I DIDN'T KNOW HER VERY WELL, BRETT, BUT ...I KNOW...WE BOTH KNOW ...THIS ISN'T WHAT SHE'D WANT FOR YOU.
C'MON, MAN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS. YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH THE PAIN LIKE THIS. I CAN HELP YOU...I CAN...IF YOU JUST TALK TO ME.
COME DOWN OFF THE WALL, MAN. PLEASE. DO IT FOR KELLY.
OH, GOD... KELLY...
FOR KELLY. DO IT FOR HER.
BRETT, NO, DON'T!

NO!
DAMMIT!
OH, MAN.

MOTHERFUCKER! D'YOU KNOW HOW MUCH WE COULD'VE GOT FOR JUST THAT LITTLE SHITHEAD'S LIVER? FUCK!
SORRY, MAN. WE GOT HERE FAST AS WE COULD.
SHIT.
OH, WELL. HOW'S THE WIFE COMING?
WAS THAT THE BLONDE? OR THE REDHEAD? WE GOT TWO CHICKS TONIGHT.
THE REDHEAD. KELLY.
NOT BAD. GOT A BUYER IN MUNICH FOR THE KIDNEYS, AND DEFINITE MAYBE FOR THE LUNGS IN ST. PETERSBURG.
HUH. EVENING'S NOT A TOTAL BUST, THEN, I GUESS.
FUCKIN' JUMPER.
SHIT.

Note from the editor

Surprise! I guess after reading my note from last issue's letters page that you didn't expect to be seeing another issue of NEGATIVE BURN this soon. Well, you know how it goes. I messed up! For whatever reason I was thinking NB went bi-monthly after issue #45, but after checking over the schedule again I found out that we'll stay monthly through issue #47 (May). Boy, imagine my embarrassment. Hey, I've always been the first to admit when I've made a mistake so let's just forget this incident and move on, okay?

Other news to report is that once again this year NEGATIVE BURN has been recognized by the Harvey Awards (which have moved out to Oakland's Wondercon for the first time this year) and nominated in the category for "Best Anthology." I especially appreciate this nomination as the Harvey Awards are voted on by my peers. This will be the fifth Harvey nomination for NB in the past fours years. We haven't won it yet, but it's really a great honor to just be nominated. *Sigh*, always a bridesmaid and never a bride. Again, thanks for all who voted. NEGATIVE BURN also was nominated for "Best Anthology" and I was nominated for "Best Editor" in the Don Thompson Awards this year (as presented by the fine folks over at CompuServe's Comics and Animation Forum). The awards were handed out at Detroit's Motor City Con back in March. Again, no winning tickets, but nice nominations just the same.

Again, let me go ahead and state that I am no longer accepting submissions for NEGATIVE BURN. I know that might irk a number of you out there, but the reality is that I'm just booked up and don't need anything new right now. For those of you who have already sent me submissions and I haven't replied to you please be patient. If you sent it in a long time ago and still haven't heard from me it may be that I did like your work and am holding on to it in case I have an opening. I'm not saying that IS the case, just that it's a possibility.

I also want to encourage everyone to stop by and introduce yourself while I'm doing the convention circuit this spring and summer. I love to meet fans and readers in person, so don't be bashful. Come by and say "hey." My tentative convention schedule looks something like this: Pittsburgh in April; Charlotte and Atlanta in June; Chicago and San Diego in July. Hopefully in the fall I'll be able to hit New York, the Small Press Expo in Bethesda, MD, the Detroit Motor City Con and the Mid-Ohio Con in Columbus, OH.

See ya there.
Joe Pruett
April 1997

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